

# The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. X.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1877.

NO. 30.

Hardware, Stoves, Tin, &c.

LINDLEY & KEMP,

—DRAWING IN—

HARDWARE,

STOVES, TINWARE,

Agricultural Implements,

AT THE

MIDDLETOWN STOVE HOUSE,

Middletown, Delaware.

Hardware Department.

Iron and Steel, Horse and Mule Shoes, Horses

Nails, Blacksmith Supplies, Chain Traces,

Hames, Trowels, Nails, Spikes, Locks, Hinges,

Bolts, Files, Chisels, Levels, Planes, Bevels,

Wrenches, Picks, Mattocks, Hubs, Rims,

Spokes, Shafts, Long and Short Arms, Clips,

Springs, Enamelled Cloth, Gum Canvases, &c.

A complete stock of TOOLS and Supplies

for Carpenters, Builders, Masons, Sailors,

Shoemakers and others, with many House-

urnishing articles. We invite the public to

call and examine our prices.

Paints, Oils, Turpen-

tine, Glass and

Putty,

CHEAPEST AND BEST.

Cucumber Wood Pumps.

Agricultural Department.

FARMER'S FRIEND, Heckendorn, Wiley,

Concave and Moore PLOWS; Plow

Castings, Grindstones, Pumps, Scissors,

Corn Shellers, Churns, Shovels, Forks,

Spades, Hoes and Rakes.

Stoves and Tin Ware.

HAVING SUCCEEDED TO THE BUSI-

ness of J. B. ROBERTS, Esq., at his old stand

ON MAIN STREET,

we respectfully solicit a continuance of his

patronage. We will have constantly on hand

STOVES AND HEATERS

of all descriptions. Also

Slate Mantels,

and a large assortment of

TIN WARE

AND

HOUSE FURNISHING Articles.

Roofing & Spouting

Promptly and neatly done.

REPAIRS

for all kinds of

STOVES

Tin Ware of every description made to

order and repairing of all kinds promptly at-

tended to.

LINDLEY & KEMP.

March 17, 1877.

Miscellaneous Advs.

NEW STORE

AND

New Goods

AT

M. L. HARDCASTLE'S

CHEAP CASH STORE.

Lockwood's Corner.

I would call the attention of the public in

general to the large line of CHEAP GOODS

which I have just received from the city, con-

sisting of

Dry Goods, Notions,

Boots, Shoes,

Hats, Caps, Queensware, Hardware,

Groceries,

Provisions,

Tobacco, Segars, Etc.

I will be pleased to have you call and ex-

amine my stock before purchasing elsewhere,

as I am satisfied that I can offer great induc-

ements.

High price paid for Country Pro-

duce.

M. L. HARDCASTLE,

LOCKWOOD'S CORNER,

Middletown, Del.

July 21-ly

Now is Your Time to Buy Low for

Cash at Naudain's

POPULAR CORNER.

A general reduction of from ten to twenty-

five per cent. on all Staple and Fancy Dry

Goods, to reduce stock preparatory to Stock

taking in May.

BRANCHED MUSLINS:

Four-quarter Wagtails, 12c.; do. Doral,

12c.; do. Fruit of the Loom, 11c.; do. Hill,

10c.; do. Forest Dale, 10c.; seven-eighths Po-

cassett 7, 6c.; do. Slaterville, 7c.

POCASSETT, 40 inch, 10c.; Adriatic four-

quarter, 9c.; Massachusetts four-quarter, 9c.;

Harriburg, seven-eighths, 7c.; Augusta, 10c.

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Select Poetry.

BLESSINGS OF TU-DAY.

If we knew the woe and heartache  
Waiting for us down the road,  
If our lips could taste the wormwood,  
If our backs could feel the load;  
Would we waste the day in wishing  
For a time that ne'er can be?  
Would we wait in such impatience  
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers  
Pressed against the window pane  
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,  
Never trouble us again;  
Would the bright eyes of our darling  
Catch the frown upon our brow?  
Would the prints of tiny fingers  
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers,  
How they point our memories back  
To the happy words and actions  
Strewn along our dusty track!  
How those little hands remind us,  
As in snowy grace they lie,  
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—  
For our footsteps by and by!

Strange we never prize the music  
Fill the sweet voiced bird has flown,  
Strange that we should slight the violets  
Till the lovely flowers are gone;  
Strange that summer skies and sunshine  
Never seem one-half so fair  
As when winter's snowy pinions  
Shake the white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence  
None but God can roll away,  
Never blossomed in such beauty  
As adorned the mouth to-day;  
And sweet words that freight our memory  
With their beautiful perfume,  
Come to us in sweeter accents  
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the rubbings  
Lying all along our path;  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff;  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of to-day;  
With a patient hand removing  
All the letters from our way.

Select Story.

ONLY A HUSK.

Tom Darcey, yet a young man, had grown to be a very bad one. At heart he might have been all right, if his head and his will had been all right; but these being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its old truthful yearnings. Tom had lost his place as foreman in the great machine shop, and what money he had now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do here and there, at private houses; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough, he could mend a clock, or clean a watch, as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine—and this latter he could do better than any other man ever employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken moving machine and reaper, for which he received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt—the village tavern. He knew his wife sadly needed the money, and that his two little children were in absolute sufferings from want of clothing, and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself; but the better part had become very weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where, for two or three hours, he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction followed, and the man died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night, almost midnight, when the landlord's wife came into the bar room to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom. "Peter," said she, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcey home? He's been hanging around here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound asleep. The dead coma had left the brain, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love for rum, but did not love the landlord. In other years, Peter Tindar and himself had loved and wooed the sweet maiden—Ellen Goss—and he won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster who had brought him to the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of the foot.

"Hush, Betsy! He's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. 'I'll have the kernel of the nut, and his wife may have the husk!'"

With a snuff and a snap Betsy turned away, and shortly afterward Tom Darcey lifted himself upon his elbow, "Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rouse up and have a warm glass."

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

"No, Peter, I won't drink any more to-night."

"It won't hurt you, Tom—just a glass."

"I know it won't," said Tom, but tuning up his coat by the only solitary button left. "I know it won't."

And with this he went out into the chill air of night. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern, he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he looked down upon the earth.

"Aye," he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel, "Peter Tindar is taking the kernel and leaving poor Ellen the husk, and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my children of honor and comfort, robbing myself of love and life—that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk! We'll see!"

It was a revelation to the man. The tavern keeper's brief speech, meant not for his ears, had come upon his senses as fell the voice of the Risen One upon Saul of Tarsus.

"We'll see," he replied, setting his foot firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

"Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom." She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee instead of the old, old cider.

"I wish you would make a cup, good and strong."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about the work with a strange flutter in her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out—went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in the office.

"Mr. Scott I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh, Tom! What do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcey, come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom!" cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon if you'll only set him at work."

"Work! Aye, Tom, and bless you too! There is an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skillful supervision the engine was set up and tested, but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing house and found the workmen ready to depart.

"She's all right now, sir. You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning, sir: If you will offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage Ellen Darcey's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom had gone, she had found a two-dollar bill in her coffee cup. She knew that he left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and skimming before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she set out the tea-table and waited, but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine. Oh, was it a false glimmer after all?

Hark! The old step! strong, eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands, and the odor of oil upon his garments.

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie."

"Tom!"

"I didn't mean to, but the work hung on."

"Tom, Tom. You have been to the old shop."

"I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded my wife and little ones had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it."

"Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?"

"Yes, Peter; and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that image of warmth and brightness."

Human Life.

We are on a journey through a strange country, and, stopping here and there only for a night, we should deem our accommodations of small importance; we should not think of fitting up in a costly manner a house in which we should remain but a few hours. Human life is a journey through a strange land. Our home is beyond it, far away. Each object we behold is a monitor, pointing us downward to the grave in which our ashes shall soon repose. Is it not in vain, then, for us to give our whole attention to wealth and fame? We cannot carry them with us into the grave. The rich and poor are alike in the coffin, and all the fame of earth will make no difference in the world to which we are hastening. I have read of a man who was rich on earth. He faded sumptuously every day; he was clothed in purple and fine linen; he rode in his chariot and reveled in wealth and splendor; but death, the common enemy, visited his splendid abode, and hurried him away. He took no goods, no silver with him. His chariot he left behind. His magnificence, pomp and distinction, were all of the earth. In that other world, he was miserably poor. He had no home. On the waves of an angry sea, his soul was tempest driven. He had no pillow but the wave of fire, and in vain he prayed for a cup of water to cool his parched tongue.

I have heard of another man, who sat at that same rich man's gate, full of sores, and covered with wounds. He was poor, very poor, but in time he died. Angels caught his spirit and carried it to a world of bliss. 'All was changed. In an hour he had become wealthy, honored, and supremely blest.

The Dead.

How seldom do we think of the dead! Although we sit around the same hearth where they once set, and read the same volumes they so loved to peruse, yet we do not think of them. Oh how the heart throbs with wild and uncontrollable emotion as we stand beside the dying friend we dearly love!

We wildly strive, but all in vain, to prolong the precious life: we follow in deepest anguish down the dark flowing river; the spirit of the loved one passes onward alone, and we are left to linger on the shores of time. We think, as we behold the inanimate form consigned to the cold damp grave, and hear the damp earth rattle over it, that we will never forget the life scenes of the departed—that their memory will always remain fresh in our hearts, and almost wonder that the busy multitude can move so briskly around. But the sun shines as brightly as ever on a new made grave. Nature looks as gay and smiling, and the birds sing as merrily as before.

Again we mingle with the busy, jostling throng. Weeks and months roll on—we visit the grave less frequently, and gradually cease to think of the lost ones, save when some voice or incident of bygone days recalls them to our memory. The feelings of bitter anguish and bereavement are soon worn off by the accumulating cares and pleasures of life. Thus we, in turn, must ere long, pass away and be forgotten. Such is human life.

Successful Men.

Who are they? In most cases they are those who, when boys, were compelled to help themselves or their parents, and who, when a little older, were under the stern necessity of doing more than their legitimate share of labor; who, as young men, had their wits sharpened by having to devise ways and means of making their time more available than it would be under ordinary circumstances. Hence, in reading the lives of eminent men who have greatly distinguished themselves, we find their youth passed in self-denials of food, sleep, rest and recreation. They sat up late, rose early to the performance of imperative duties, doing by daylight the work of one man, and by night that of another.

Said a banker of high integrity, the other day, and who started in life with a shilling: "For years I was at my place of business at sunrise, and often did not leave it for fifteen or eighteen hours." Let not, then, any youth be discouraged if he has to make his own living, or even to support a widowed or sick sister, or unfortunate relative; for this has been the road to success of many an eminent man.

"Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?"







